

# Moran of the Lady Letty

By  
**FRANK NORRIS,**  
Author of "The Octopus," "The Pit," etc.  
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"We'll give another cotton," exclaimed Ridgeway, "up in the city—give it for you, Ross, and you'll lead. It'll be the event of the season!"

Wilbur uttered an exclamation of contempt. "I've done with that sort of foolery," he answered.

"Nonsense! Why, think, we'll have it in your honor. Every smart girl in town will come, and you'll be the lion of it!"

"You don't seem to understand," cried Wilbur impatiently. "Do you think there's any fun in that for me now? Why, man, I've fought—fought with a naked dirk, fought with a coolie who snapped at me like an ape—and you talk to me of dancing and functions and German favors! It wouldn't do some of you people a bit of harm if you were shanghaied yourselves. That sort of life, if it don't do anything else, knocks a big bit of seriousness into you. You fellows make me sick," he went on vehemently. "As though there wasn't anything else to do but lead cottons and get up new figures!"

"Well, what do you propose to do?" asked Nat Ridgeway. "Where are you going now—back to Magdalena bay?"

"No."

"Where, then?"

Wilbur smote the table with his fist. "Cuba!" he cried. "I've got a crack little schooner out in the bay here, and I've got \$100,000 worth of loot aboard of her. I've tried beachcombing for awhile, and now I'll try filibustering. It may be a crazy idea, but it's better than dancing. I'd rather lead an expedition than a German, and you can chew on that, Nathaniel Ridgeway."

Jerry looked at him as he stood there before them in the filthy, reeking blouse and jeans, the ragged boots and the mane of hair and tangled beard, and remembered the Wilbur he used to know, the Wilbur of the carefully creased trousers, the satin scarfs and fancy waistcoats.

"You're a different sort than when you went away, Ross," said Jerry.

"Right you are," answered Wilbur. "But I will venture a prophecy," continued Jerry, looking keenly at him. "Ross, you are a born and bred city man. It's in the blood of you and the bones of you. I'll give you three years for this new notion of yours to wear it self out. You think just now you're going to spend the rest of your life as an amateur buccaner. In three years at the outside you'll be using your 'loot,' as you call it, or the interest of it, to pay your taxes and your tailor, your pew rent and your club dues, and you'll be what the biographers call 'a respectable member of the community.'"

"Did you ever kill a man, Jerry?" asked Wilbur. "No? Well, you kill one some day—kill him in a fair give and take fight—and see how it makes you feel and what influence it has on you, and then come back and talk to me."

It was long after midnight. Wilbur rose.

"We'll ring for a boy," said Ridgeway, "and get you a room. I can fix you out with clothes enough in the morning."

Wilbur stared in some surprise and then said:

"Why, I've got the schooner to look after. I can't leave those coolies alone all night."

"You don't mean to say you're going on board at this time in the morning?"

"Of course."

"Why—but you'll catch your death of cold!"

Wilbur stared at Ridgeway, then nodded helplessly and, scratching his head, said, half aloud:

"No. What's the use? I can't make 'em understand. Good night. I'll see you in the morning."

"We'll all come out and visit you on your yacht," Ridgeway called after him, but Wilbur did not hear.

In answer to Wilbur's whistle Jim came in with the dory and took him off to the schooner. Moran met him as he came over the side.

"I took the watch myself tonight and let the boy turn in," she said. "How is it ashore, mate?"

"We've come back to the world of little things, Moran," said Wilbur. "But we'll put out of here in the morning and get back to the place where things are real."

"And that's a good hearing, mate."

"Let's get up here on the quarter deck," added Wilbur. "I've something to propose to you."

Moran laid an arm across his shoulder, and the two walked aft. For half an hour Wilbur talked to her earnestly about his new idea of filibustering, and as he told her of the war he warned to the subject, his face glowing, his eyes sparkling. Suddenly, however, he broke off.

"But, no!" he exclaimed. "You don't understand, Moran. How can you? You're foreign born. It's no affair of yours!"

"Mate, mate!" cried Moran, her hands upon his shoulders. "It's you who don't understand—don't understand me. Don't you know—can't you see? Your people are mine now. I'm happy only in the happiness. You were right—the best happiness is the happiness one shares. And your sor-

rows belong to me, just as I belong to you, dear. Your enemies are mine, and your quarrels are my quarrels." She drew his head quickly toward her and kissed him.

In the morning the two had made up their minds to a certain vague course of action. To get away—anywhere—was their one aim. Moran was by nature a creature unfit for civilization, and the love of adventure and the desire for action had suddenly leaped to life in Wilbur's blood and was not to be resisted. They would get up to San Francisco, dispose of their "loot," outfit the Bertha Miller as a filibuster and put to sea again. They had discussed the advisability of rounding the Horn in so small a ship as the Bertha Miller, but Moran had settled that at once.

"I've got to know her pretty well," she told Wilbur. "She's sound as a nut. Only let's get away from this place."

But toward 10 o'clock on the morning after their arrival off Coronado, and just as they were preparing to get under way, Hoang touched Wilbur's elbow.

"Seetum ill one piece smoke boat. Him come chop-chop."

In fact, a little steam launch was rapidly approaching the schooner. In another instant she was alongside.

Jerry, Nat Ridgeway, Josie Herrick and an elderly woman, whom Wilbur barely knew as Miss Herrick's married sister, were aboard.

"We've come off to see your yacht!" cried Miss Herrick to Wilbur as the launch bumped along the schooner's counter. "Can we come aboard?" She looked very pretty in her crisp pink shirt waist, her white duck skirt and white kid shoes, her sailor hat tilted at a barely perceptible angle. The men were in white flannels and smart yachting suits. "Can we come aboard?" Wilbur gasped and stared. "Confounded!" he muttered. "Oh, come along," he added desperately.

The party came over the side. "Oh, my," said Miss Herrick blankly, stopping short.

"The decks, masts and rails of the schooner were shiny with a black coating of dirt and grease; the sails were gray with grime; a stinging odor of oil and tar, of cooking and of opium, of Chinese punk and drying fish, pervaded all the air. In the waist, Hoang and Jim, bare to the belt, their cues looped around their necks to be out of the way, were stowing the dory and exchanging high pitched monosyllables. Miss Herrick's sister had not come aboard. The three visitors—Jerry, Ridgeway and Josie—stood nervously huddled together, their elbows close in, as if to avoid contact with the prevailing filth, their immaculate white outfitting clothes detaching themselves violently against the squalor and sordid grime of the schooner's backboard.

There the late Baron de Rhaden fell madly in love with her and made her his wife. He was, however, extremely jealous, and could scarcely bear to see her talking to a man. A few years ago he shot a Danish officer dead in the circus at Clermont-Ferrand for following the baroness about and paying her attentions.

Later on the baron died, and, being left a widow, the baroness went to fulfill an engagement at Nice circus. On the morning of the day on which she was to make her first appearance there she awoke blind, owing to congestion, which had caused hemorrhage during the night and destroyed her sight.

She said nothing to anybody except her maid, but resolved that night to ride a blind horse she possessed, in the hope that she would meet with an accident and be killed.

An accident did happen, for she was dashed against a pillar in the circus ring and laid up for two months, hovering between life and death.

The baroness is still a beautiful woman, and only 35 years of age.

**NOTICE.**

Fowler-Wolf Sheet Metal Works and Others, Against Steamer Chattanooga:

Pursuant to an order of the United States District court, at Paducah, Ky., entered on the 10th day of September, 1904, in the above styled actions, I will on Wednesday, September 28, 1904, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the port of Paducah, Ky., sell to the highest and best bidder, for one half cash in hand, the balance on a credit of four months, with interest at 6 per cent from date of sale until paid, the purchaser to give bond for deferred payments, with approved security, to the clerk of this court at Paducah, Ky., having the force and effect of a replevin bond at law, the Steamer Chattanooga, her engines, tackle, apparel, furniture, etc., to satisfy the claims in this action. The purchaser, if he chooses, may pay the entire purchase price in cash.

A. D. JAMES, U. S. M. W. D. KY.  
By GEO. W. SAUNDERS, Deputy.

Several thicknesses of newspapers laid between the bed springs and mattress are equal in warmth to another mattress. Laid between the blanket and quilt they equal an extra blanket.

**W. C. Gray**

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## STORY OF A LIFE

Once Wealthy Baroness is Now Destitute and Blind.

Her Father a Suicide, She Becomes a Circus Rider, Weds Nobleman, and Has Strange Career.

Paris, Sept. 17.—The celebrated Baroness de Rhaden is shortly to appear as a singer on the stage of a Paris music hall. She is at present in a state bordering on destitution and is totally blind.

The life story of the baroness is a very tragic one. Her father was a rich banker at Breslau, in Germany, who failed and committed suicide by blowing out his brains. The young girl, then about 18 years of age, was a clever rider, and resolved to get an engagement at Wolff's circus.

There the late Baron de Rhaden fell madly in love with her and made her his wife. He was, however, extremely jealous, and could scarcely bear to see her talking to a man. A few years ago he shot a Danish officer dead in the circus at Clermont-Ferrand for following the baroness about and paying her attentions.

Later on the baron died, and, being left a widow, the baroness went to fulfill an engagement at Nice circus. On the morning of the day on which she was to make her first appearance there she awoke blind, owing to congestion, which had caused hemorrhage during the night and destroyed her sight.

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**W. C. Gray**

## IN THE CHURCHES

### METHODIST.

Broadway—Corner Seventh and D.D., pastor. Preaching every Sabbath at 10:45 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Prof. J. D. Smith, Superintendent. Junior Epworth league 3 p. m. Senior Epworth league 7:00 p. m. Mr. E. G. Payne, President. Prayer service every Wednesday evening at 7:30.

Third Street—Rev. W. P. Hamilton, pastor. Regular services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. every Sunday. Epworth league 6:45 p. m. A. J. Bamberg, President. Sunday school at 10 a. m. A. J. Bamberg, Superintendent. Ladies' meeting on Monday at 2:30 p. m. Mrs. A. H. Baker, President. Prayer service Wednesday evening at 7:30.

Trimble Street—Rev. W. W. Armstrong, pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 9:45 a. m. Epworth league Monday evening at 7. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7.

Little's Chapel—Rev. T. J. Owen, pastor. Preaching Sunday evening at 7:30. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30.

M. E. Church, Mechanicsburg—Sunday school at 9:15 a. m. Epworth league services at 6:45 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. promptly. Robert A. Cummins, P. C.

Union Rescue Mission, 421 South Third—Gospel services every night at 7:30. R. W. Chiles, pastor.

### PRESBYTERIAN.

First Presbyterian Church—Rev. W. E. Cave, D. D., pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. L. M. Rieke, Superintendent. Rev. M. B. Porter, of Louisville, preaches at both services.

Mizpah Mission Sunday school at 2:30 p. m. W. J. Hills—Superintendent. Preaching service at 7:30 p. m.

Hebron Mission—In Rowlandtown, Sunday school every Sunday at 2:30 p. m. J. D. McQuinn—Superintendent.

First Cumberland Presbyterian—Corner Sixth and Kentucky avenues. Rev. George O. Bachman, pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. W. T. Reid, Superintendent. The Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. W. D. Watson, Superintendent. Young People's Society at 6:30 p. m. Prayer and teachers' meeting Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.

German Evangelical church—Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Services at regular hours. Rev. Wm. Bourgeois, pastor.

### BAPTIST.

First Baptist church, on the corner of Fifth and Jefferson streets—G. W. Perryman, D. D. pastor. Residence 125 North Fifth street, phone 1341. Preaching Sunday at 11 and 7:30. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening 7:30 Sunday school, home church, 9:30. A. E. Roper, superintendent. 3 p. m. Station A, North Twelfth street. Prof. A. M. Rouse, superintendent.

Second Baptist church, corner of Ninth and Ohio streets—Rev. W. H. Robinson, pastor, residence 918 Jackson street. Preaching every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. E. J. LaGate, superintendent, 715 South Ninth street.

### LUTHERAN.

Lutheran church, South Fourth street—Sunday school at 9 a. m. Rev. A. Ilen, pastor. Services at the usual hours by the pastor.

### CHRISTIAN.

First Christian Church—Southeast corner of Seventh and Jefferson streets—Rev. W. H. Pinkerton, pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. W. G. Dodd, superintendent. Preaching at 10:45 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30. Children's services in forenoon.

Tenth Street Christian church—Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Church services at 10:45 a. m. Little Helpers meet at 2 p. m.

### JEWISH.

Temple Israel, Seventh and Broadway—Rev. David Alexander, rabbi. Services every Friday evening at 7:30 Sabbath school Sunday morning at 10 o'clock.

Roman Catholic.

St. Francis de Sales Catholic church, Sixth and Broadway—Rev. Father H. W. Jansen, pastor, low mass at 8 a. m. High mass 10:30 a. m. vespers 7:30 p. m.

### EPISCOPAL.

Grace church, Broadway, near Ninth—Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Rev. D. C. Wright, of New Albany, Ind., pastor.

## WHY YUCATAN CHILL TONIC (Improved) Is Superior to all So-Called Tasteless Tonics.

Because it is acceptable to the most delicate stomach. Does not sicken, nauseate or produce a bad taste. Each dose contains the same proportion of medicine. Half the medicine does not stick to the bottle. No shaking of the bottle required—the component parts are thoroughly assimilated. It is a clear mixture—a finished product from a Pharmaceutical standpoint, and has a Pleasant Taste. Formula: Quinine, Iron and Pepsin. Drives out malarial poisons. Purifies the blood. Strengthens the nerves. Produces a hearty appetite! Try it. Price, 50 Cents. Cure Guaranteed.

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Practice limited to the treatment of Hemorrhoids or Piles, Fistula, Ulcerations of the Rectum, Chronic Diarrhoea and all diseases of the rectum, Cancer, chronic sores of all kinds, Skin Diseases, Eczema or Tetra, Herber's Itch, Ringworm, Scabiosa, Herpes, Acne, Psoriasis, etc. Moles, Warts and powder stains removed without cutting or bleaching; ingrowing nails cured without removing the nails. Obesity, Tapeworm expelled in one or two hours; no dieting or other preliminary treatment necessary; remedy pleasant and no disagreeable after effect. Venereal and other diseases of the genito-urinary system. Varicocele, Hydrocele, Cystitis, Circumcisions, etc.

## Hayes' Beechwood Emulso-Hypo With Iron

Makes Fat, Strength, Blood, Bone and Muscle.

If you are tired, broken down, despondent, worn out, pale, losing flesh, have no energy, do not feel like rising in the morning for the day's work, you need a bottle of this wonderful medicine. Do you want good rich red blood? Do you want the bloom to come back to the cheek? Are you convalescing after having fever, pneumonia or measles? Then you ought to take a bottle of EMULSO-HYPO. Its medicinal food that reaches every tissue in the body and builds you up. Taken in a little wine its as pleasant as cough syrup.

Read what the editor of the Meridian Star of Mississippi, A. G. Davis, writes under date of April 8:

"My mother took the Emulso-Hypo and has been greatly benefited. She is in better health than she has been in years."

J. W. Russell, county clerk of Hickman county, Tenn., writes:

"My wife has used several bottles of Emulso-Hypo with Iron and has been wonderfully improved. I can conscientiously recommend it for all lung trouble."

Rev. G. T. Sullivan, presiding elder of the Memphis district, writes under date of Dec. 1, 1903:

"My daughter, whose system was very much run down, has been taking your Beechwood Emulso-Hypo with Iron, and has improved so much, with one bottle I have no doubt by continuance she will be fully restored in her nerve forces. I am delighted with the results and shall continue her on it. Wishing you prosperity, I am, yours truly,

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## TOOK IT BACK

OFFICIAL IN LIVINGSTON COUNTY HAS CLOSE CALL FROM INDICTMENT.

At the last sitting of the Livingston circuit court just over, the grand jury prepared an indictment against County Clerk George W. Landrum for publishing and circulating slanderous articles and pictures, but by hard work the work of the jury was annulled by influential friends working on the matter before the adjournment of the court.

When the county judge race was being made Judge J. L. Abell and Judge Thomas Evans were opponents and Mr. Landrum was a supporter of

Judge Evans. It is alleged that he drew a cartoon of Judge Abell and printed it on a mimeograph, sending the pictures all over the county.

When the grand jury was empaneled the matter was investigated and the jury was ready to return an indictment. Afterwards five of the members were prevailed upon to reconsider the matter, which was done, and the indictment annulled. It is said.

**MARRIED AT CAIRO.**

Cairo, Ill., September 17.—Alonzo J. Ables and Miss Bessie L. Grogan of Hickman, Ky., were married here yesterday.

Grass stains on linen should be soaked for a few moments in kerosene, then washed in very hot water with a generous supply of soap.

Always Remember the Full Name **Laxative Bromo Quinine** on every box. 25c

Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days

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